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MADRAS WAR REVIEW

A WEEKLY BULLETIN OF THE WORLD WAR

VOL. V FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1944 No. 42

FULL SUCCESS TO THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

It may be that events will occur in the next few months which will show us whether we are soon to be relieved of the curse which has been laid upon us by the Germans. The end will be more terrible for our foes, the longer their struggle continues

The plans agreed upon at Teheran have not yet all been put into operation; but they are being steadily unrolled and the months of Summer may, by the victories of this Allied campaign bring full success to the cause of freedom

Mr. CHURCHILL, in a recent speech at London

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[NOTE.—*The summary of news and comments contained in the* MADRAS WAR REVIEW *generally relate to events and statements published till Wednesday, every week.*]

NO CORNER OF JAPAN IS SAFE

"No corner of the Japanese homeland is now safe from attack. New long-range bombers have overcome tremendous barriers of distance to bring the heart of Japan under the guns and bombs of the United States Army Air Forces. The pioneers who planned the Super Fortresses raid on Japan and those who manned the aircraft have shortened our road to Tokyo."

MR. HENRY L. STIMSON, *Secretary of War, the United States, in a recent statement.*

❖

ONLY THE BEGINNING

"The recent raid on Japan by American Super Fortresses is only the beginning of powerful Allied air attacks against the Japanese homeland. Those who, like myself know Japan and the Far East, will immediately realize that Japan is far more helpless than Germany in meeting this irresistible menace to her industrial potential. From Japan's little islands it is impossible for her industrialists to disperse factories beyond the reach of our air power."

ADMIRAL HARRY E. YARNALL.

❖

DAWN OF VICTORY SHINES

"Our people have passed through the vicissitudes of history and they know how grim is the climb up the slope of an abyss. But over graves and pain, the dawn of victory shines and the light of renewal begins, a renewal from which France will be able to do for the world something more than she has done before."

GENERAL DE GAULLE, *President of the French National Liberation Committee, in his speech at a special session of the French National Consultative Assembly, on June 18.*

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RUSSIA: AN ANNIVERSARY

THREE years ago, Hitler attacked the Soviet Union. He thought it would be a walk-over for him in Russia. He had a clean sweep in the West, and decided to go East before tackling Great Britain. His idea was that there should be no powerful enemy or neutral in the rear, when he launched his invasion across the English Channel. His calculation was correct, so far as it went—but Soviet Russia under the masterly leadership of the great Stalin had calculated earlier the exact shape of things to come and been preparing herself. Russia knew the changes that were taking place in Germany and visualized far ahead the danger that would one day come to her safety and security. She knew that Hitler's Pact of Non-aggression was a ruse, and that he would treat it as a scrap of paper in the same way as he treated similar pacts and pledges with other European countries, when the time came. But the Pact suited her. It gave her time—time to get ready, to gather her resources, to mobilize her men. But the time was not enough. Still it was valuable in its own way.

WHEN Hitler tore the Pact and attacked Russia on that fateful day—June 22, 1941—he knew that his powerful Nazi hordes would go a long way. He was fully conscious of the strength and the striking power of his *Luftwaffe* and *Wehrmacht*. He thought he could not fail. He was so confident of eliminating Russia that he began to indulge in proud boasts. He assured the world in October 1941 that Russia would soon be defeated. He was positive that there could be only one end in the war he started against Russia—the victory of Germany. He was certain that within a few months the Swastika would fly over the Kremlin. He had everything figured out. First, the Kremlin, then the Buckingham Palace, and lastly the White House. The whole world would be at his feet —if everything went according to his plan!

HITLER'S plan worked its way deep into the heart of Russia, but he did not fully bargain for the fact that Stalin had a plan of his own—a counter-plan—the plan of yielding space to gain time—and more time. The withdrawal of the Red Army far into the interior in the face of a numerically strong and well-equipped enemy was not a retreat—it was fighting a delaying action, it was strategy. Hitler's object was to smash the Red Army as a fighting force, and Stalin's strategy was to preserve its fighting strength as much as possible and conserve it for the great counter-offensives later on which would liberate the occupied areas of Russia. He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day—and Stalin knew that the real hero in modern warfare is not the man who recklessly resists a superior enemy and loses his life "gloriously" on the battlefield, but one who measures his strength against his opponent's, who adopts tactics to tire the enemy, to lengthen his lines of communication and weaken his staying power, and then strikes at him with all his might.

THIS was what happened in Russia. The Red Army never took the impact of the terrific blow dealt out by the Nazi hordes, because of its strategy of fighting withdrawal. It has no doubt fought many fierce battles against the Germans and outwitted them in mobility and manoeuvre, but it never allowed the enemy a chance to inflict a shattering blow. The Red Army kept itself alive as a fighting force till help came from the Allies—much-needed arms and equipment from the far-flung colonies and dependencies of the British Commonwealth and the American Republic.

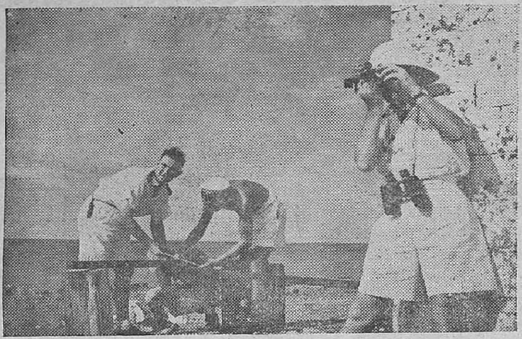
STALIN'S strategy and Allied aid had their effect in the fulness of time. Hitler's lines of communication and supply lengthened and the powers of endurance of the Germans during Russian winters weakened. The Red Army was conserving its strength and renewing its fighting spirit. It showed the extent of this strength and the effect of its fighting spirit in the great counter-offensives planned by Stalin with great care, skill and precision.

HITLER'S hordes reeled beneath the terrific onslaughts of the Red Army. They reeled, and retreated. Sector after sector was liberated from the clutches of the Fascists. The varying tides of the fortunes of war ultimately became a great flood which pushed the Germans in important fighting fronts far beyond the Soviet frontier lines.

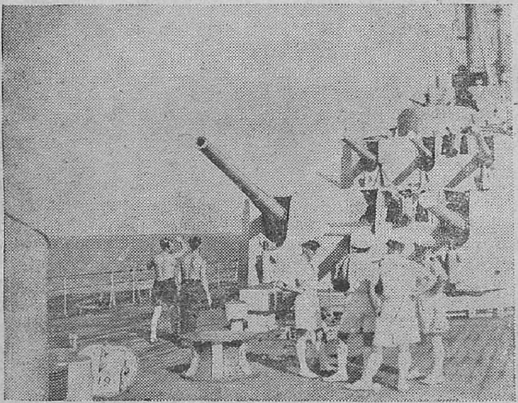
THE war in Russia is still not over, but it is clear beyond the shadow of doubt that Hitler has lost. He has fared no better than Napoleon in his march to Moscow, and his gamble in Russia has proved a gain to the world. He wasted his gigantic strength in the vast open spaces of Russia against the strong and determined peoples of the Soviet Union, and gave Britain and America breathing space and time to prepare and rally the strength of the world against tyranny and aggression. He came to grips with the great Russian Colossus. The grip has become loose, but his ribs have been broken.

THE freedom-loving world is under a deep debt of gratitude to Soviet Russia for what she has done—and what she alone could have done. On the third anniversary of the beginning of the Russo-German war, this thought is uppermost in the minds of men.

EASTERN FLEET GUNS PREPARE



An Eastern Fleet cruiser calibrating her guns ; according to the angles given him by the Staff Gunnery Officer, the Gunner sets the "rakes" used to measure the spread of the shot.



An Ordnance Artificer lowers the weight down the barrel of one of the 6-inch guns preparatory to sponging out before the shoot.

Ammunition comes alongside in a lighter and the Royal Marines unload it. In the background are cases of cordite.

RUNNING COMMENTARY

First Phase of Invasion over—German Commands Dilemma

The first phase of the Invasion seems to be over. The slicing of the Cherbourg Peninsula was one of the principal invasion objectives, and it has been achieved with great success. The important port of Cher-bourg has been isolated, as also the northern sector of the Peninsula where it is believed, the Germans have kept much material and equipment for defence. The initial stage of the invasion, namely, the process of landing and establishing beachheads, has largely been completed, though it is only to be expected that reinforcements and supplies will continue to be landed with a view to maintaining and increasing the strength and pressure of Allied invasion forces. The fighting may now be stated to have reached the second stage. German reserves are now being thrown in to check Allied advance or delay it. German commanders seem to be undecided whether to regard the present battle as a major operation or as a prelude to bigger and more dangerous Allied attacks. They seem to have not yet taken a definite decision on whether they should use their strategic reserves or their main reserves at this stage.

* * *

No continuous Battle-line—Progress not to be measured in miles

There are intricate and complex variations in the battle as it is proceeding. In some cases, enemy coastal batteries are being smashed ; in others Allied forces are operating relatively far inland with a strengthened bridgehead behind them ; in still others, the mopping up of isolated enemy strongpoints behind Allied forward troops is going on. Then again, there are Allied air-borne troops ranging far and wide like moving islands of attack and resistance. The point is that, as yet, no continuous battleline has emerged from the operations.

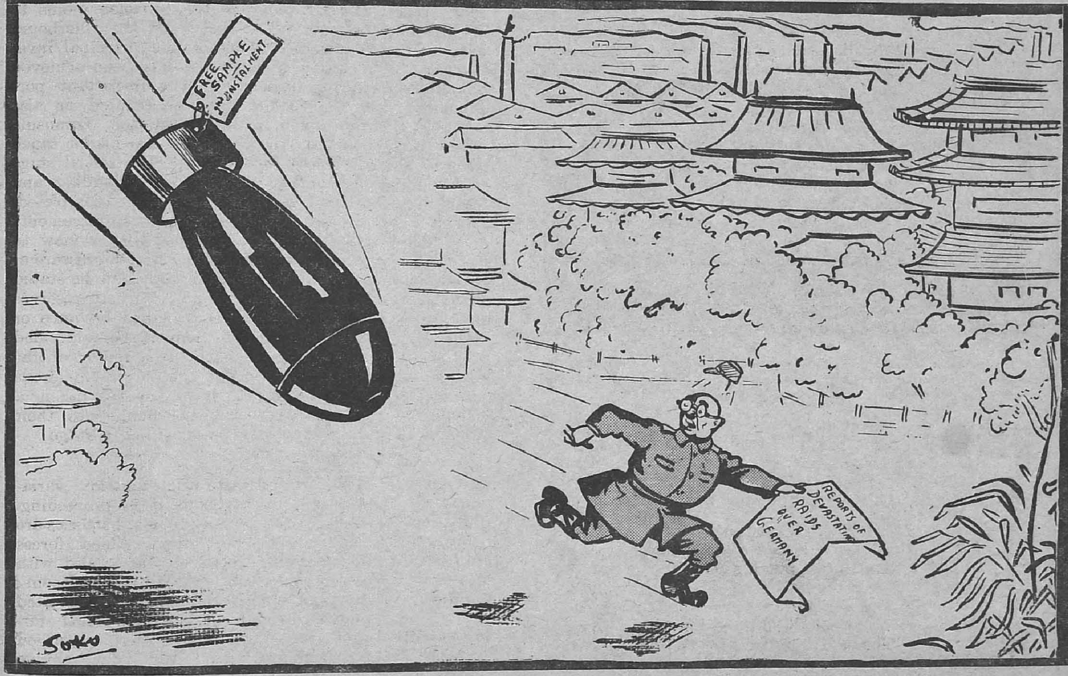
Now the most important scene of course is the Cherbourg Peninsula. In this area dominated by Allied control, U.S. Forces on the right wing and the British and Canadian forces on the left wing have been pushing inland. It is not always easy to follow the initial stages of the operations following the establishment of beachheads, as the military objectives of the Allied expeditionary force have not so far been disclosed. But it may be stated that the breach of the first coastal defences is in itself an achievement of a high order. It is obvious that, in operations of this kind, it is not possible to measure progress in miles upon the map at this stage. What is important is the measure of progress achieved in overcoming obstacles, the very location of which may not quickly be revealed.

* * *

German Propaganda Tricks—Dr. Gobbels' Definition of "News"

In passing, it may be noted here that official Allied communiques are necessarily brief, terse and straight forward, and do not give too many details, but the Germans, on the other hand, seem to be very anxious to tell the world exactly where the Allied troops are and how the battles are going. The anxiety of the Germans is not so much to give, but to find out, information. They want to know more about the dispositions of Allied forces, and the alleged information put out by

THE BOMBING OF TOKYO



—*Specially drawn for the* MADRAS WAR REVIEW

Berlin and other German-controlled radio stations is obviously intended to provoke a denial, or bring forth an elucidation, from Allied sources, which may help them to draw useful inferences or conclusions. But the brief Allied communiqués make it clear that the Allies are not going to disclose any information directly or indirectly in response to the clamour of the enemy radio. The Germans may go on continuing to fill the air with their reports some of which may by being nearer the truth, give colour to others which are intentional distortions or deliberate inventions.

It may be recalled that Dr. GOEBBELS referred to the part played by the German propaganda organization in the first campaigns in Europe in a speech to a Berlin University audience on December 1, 1941. In that speech he made a statement which has become notorious that, "news is trickery by which to defeat the enemy." This Nazi principle has been used only too often in German propaganda, particularly in connexion with Commando raids or other Allied landings on the European soil in the past. No news has ever been given by the Allies of small-scale landings made during the past four years, because the object of those expeditions was accomplished without the enemy's full knowledge and the British Command wanted to observe a security silence in all the cases. In the case of other landings such as those of St. Nazaire and Dieppe, GOEBBELS began to make fantastic claims, taking advantage of the time that elapsed before detailed British communiqués were released. Regarding the St. Nazaire operations of March 28, 1942, a special German communiqué was issued falsely claiming that the Allied landing forces were "encircled and annihilated." As for the Dieppe raid of August 19, 1942, the French people were warned by the B.B.C. that the raid was "not an invasion," but official German statements took the opportunity to claim, "the disastrous defeat of the British-U.S.A. Expeditionary Force in its attempt to invade the European Continent."

There are many instances of such calculated trickery indulged in by Dr. GOEBBELS' propaganda machinery, but the point to which we want to draw the attention of our readers is the fact that the Germans may indulge in announcements of non-existent landings at other points on the French coast with a view to claiming their total repulse and that therefore they must be on their guard in assessing the news-value of such fictitious announcements.

IN A STRANGE LAND

(*By* R.G.)

Always the soldier far from home—
Hawk-eyed centurion fresh from Rome
And eating out his heart beside
A swirling British tide,
Or Macedonian in a land
Of elephants and sand,
Or Old Guard hero following still
His Emperor's will,
Always, parading or alone,
Remembers, while before his eye
Are spread a foreign scene and sky,
Another land and sky, his own.

The Welshman, Yorkshireman and Scot,
Sweeping the desert God forgot
And eating out their heart beside
The Mediterranean tide,
Or blasting out a giddy track
On ancient Asia's back,
Remember moor and heather scent
And ways they went
Across clean turf, down grassy lane,
From rock to rock across the stream
On whose brown eddies twitched the gleam
Of dawns they dream to see again:

Remember, and thrust down desire
For household talk and leaping fire.
And eating out his heart beside
An Indian Ocean tide
The Berkshire yeoman scours anew
His rifle bright and true:
The land who longs for Glassgow's mirk
Sets hand to work
In blinding sun; and in a street
Where mills a throng of alien speech
The boy from Cotswold-hid Northleach
Stand sentry in the dusty heat.

Until the task they sailed to do
Is done, they do not hope to view
The Sound at Plymouth or the tide
In Humber, Thames or Clyde,
Or sheep cropped downs or turfy hills
Seamed with perennial rills
Where stark Helvellyn rises or
Arrogant Tor:
Until the task is done, they know
They shall not see their town and shire
Nor eye behold the heart's desire,
But only memories homeward go.

NAIK SANDANASWAMI'S GALLANTRY

Without regard for personal danger Naik Sandanaswami Michael, Third Madras Regiment of Karjithirampet, North Arcot, an Indian Christian, who is an Instructor at Khushalgarh training camp, Kohat, made strenuous efforts to save four sepoys who became exhausted while swimming across the River Indus in full equipment, and with rifles slung.

Naik Michael managed to save three sepoys. He dived four times into deep water, where the current was particularly dangerous, to save the fourth but the man, who belonged to the Twelfth Frontier Force Regiment was drowned.

Naik Michael has been awarded the B.E.M. (military) in recognition of "conspicuous gallantry in carrying out hazardous work in a very brave manner."

HIGH-POWER RADIO FOR TROOPS

Broadcasting for troops in India is to be extended.

The All Forces' programme broadcast for British troops from the New Delhi station of All-India Radio which was introduced last February is to be increased from 9 to 30 hours a week. In addition, the Middle East programme for Indian troops is to be extended from 30 to 45 minutes.

Both programmes are to be radiated on All-India Radio's new 100-kilowat transmitter, one of the most powerful in the East. It is expected that they will be clearly heard in the United Kingdom.

The increased "listening time" begins on 1st July, when British servicemen will be able to hear the following programmes: 7·00–8·30 daily, "Reveille" 13·00–14·30 daily, lunch-time music; 18·30–19·30 daily, All Forces' hour. In addition "Hippodrome" will be broadcast every Tuesday and Wednesday from 22·00–23·00. At present the All Forces' programme consists only of the daily 18·30–19·30 and twice weekly "Hippdrome" broadcasts.

"The programme is intended mainly for the Fourteenth Army but We boast All-India coverage", said an officer of the welfare and Amenities Directorate who is in charge of the broadcasts. "We particularly want listeners' reports on reception."

The frequencies on which the new British programmes will be broadcast are not yet known but servicemen are asked to listen in from 20th to 30th June to the present 18·30–19·30 programme on 25.27 metres. Announcements will be made each evening during this period giving all the necessary information.

Criticisms and suggestions and also requests for special items will be welcomed from members of the services and also from any civilian listeners interested. Letters should be sent to:— Broadcasting Section, G.H.Q., New Delhi.

The programme consist of variety, dance music, music ball, organ-music and classical items, in fact the whole range of entertainment, "with as little talking as possible".

Indian troops in India and Ceylon have their own broadcast programme, on wavelengths of 31.3, 41.15, and 60.48 metres, which is broadcast from New Delhi every evening from 19·45 to 20·25 There is also a programme for Indian troops in the Middle East, broadcast on 25·5 and 31·2 metres, from 23·30 to midnight nightly.

The Middle East programme is being extended from 30 to 45 minutes from 1st July. Indian troops overseas, wherever they may be, will now have not only more listening time and more varied entertainment than before but also clearer reception of these broadcasts.

The Indian programmes are arranged by the Inter Services Public Relations Directorate in collaboration with All-India Radio.

NORMANDY AS A BATTLEFIELD

By ALEXANDER CLIFFOD

OUR armies have set foot on Norman soil. What lies ahead of them now?

Let us be optimistic and assume several things.

Let us assume that our landings do succeed and are firmly consolidated. Let us assume that our general objective—the main direction of our advance—will be Paris. And let us assume that we do begin to advance.

The first consideration is what will Normandy be like as a battlefield? Normandy is not another Western Desert and it is not another Italy. Still less it is like Burma.

It is a type of country in which we have not fought for four years. It is like nothing so much as Southern England. It is a gentle, rolling, green country of quiet, meandering rivers, red and white farm-houses, sprawling villages, compact ancient market towns and a few big cities. It is a place of thick hedgerows and apple orchards and lush fields and deep narrow lanes and huge old trees. It is England without ribbon development, without advertisement, hoardings and Jacobean petrol stations.

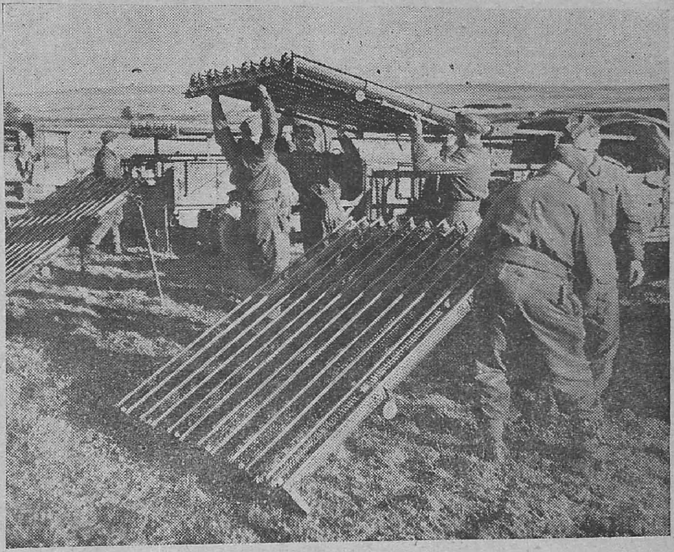
It is a very far cry from the mighty corrugations of the Italian landscape with its sheer craggy mountains and swift-running transverse rivers. In Normandy there are no naturally impregnable positions, no Cassinos which can hold up the progress of an entire army. There are no rivers like Volturno and Garigliano which must be crossed at all costs. Because in Normandy we shall be advancing from the coast up rivers and not eternally crossing them.

In Normandy there are none of those airy bridges over 1,000-foot ravines and roads on shelves cut in precipices like those we had in Italy. For the most part when the Germans dynamite a road or a bridge there will be a comparatively easy way round.

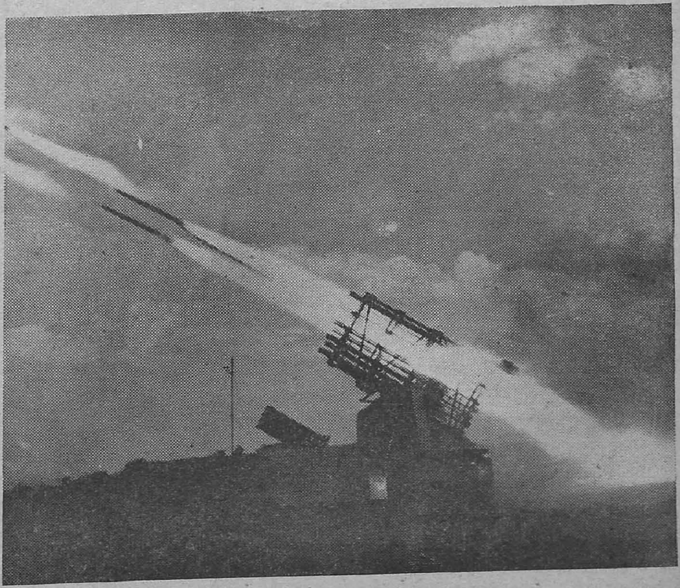
There will be almost no natural obstacles for tanks. There is plenty of cover for tanks, guns and men. And that to some extent favours the defending side. The Germans will be able to conceal their anti-tank guns and mortars, and ambush our advancing patrols. But of course it cuts both ways. We can equally conceal our dumps, our troop concentrations and our lines of attack.

Most of the soldiers would call it a good fighting country. It is not an empty arena like the African desert which resembled the sea rather than land, and we can never expect advances at such a fantastic speed as the Eighth Army used to achieve. But the German Army four years ago showed how fast progress could be made by the attacker in this northern French terrain.

Daily Mail.



Multiple barrelled rocket guns being unloaded from lorries and erected for firing.



Rockets being fired from a multiple barrelled rocket firing anti-aircraft weapon on a mobile mounting.

Czech soldiers in London are studying Basic English and doing pretty well. Said one to a policeman; "Please, Bobby, which watch?"

By and by the policeman got it and held out his wrist watch for the other to see.

"Six watch? Such much?" said the soldier, and hastened on his way.

THE JIG-SAW OF ALLIED AIR POWER

By WING-COMMANDER L. V. FRASER.

ELEVEN thousand first-line aircraft formed a complicated piece in the gigantic jig-saw pattern of Allied air power on 'D' Day. They dropped 10,000 tons of bombs in the first eight hours. They provided the biggest land operation shield of all time. They wrote a new page in the history of air war.

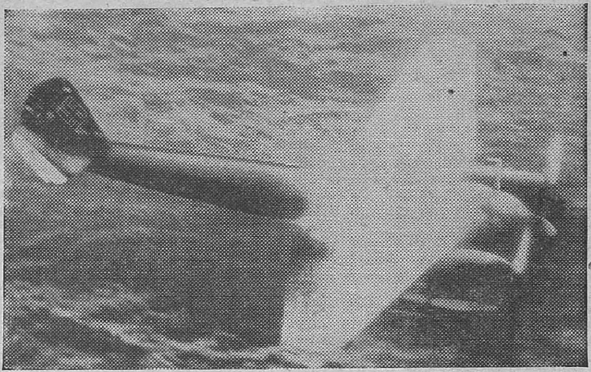
There was never a jig-saw with as many pieces. The pieces have taken just four years to fit together. By dawn on June 6, the pattern was practically complete, but a few vital pieces were waiting to be fitted in. They were pieces that could not be slipped in place until the final signal had been received. By the time the first Allied troops had won beachheads in northern France, they were in position.

When the first wave of landing troops were taking their places in barges, they heard the drone of returning aircraft. More than 1,000 Royal Air Force "heavies" were coming back from their initial attack upon coastal batteries in France, which received more than 5,000 tons of bombs. The first of the missing pieces had been laid into position. The pattern was almost complete.

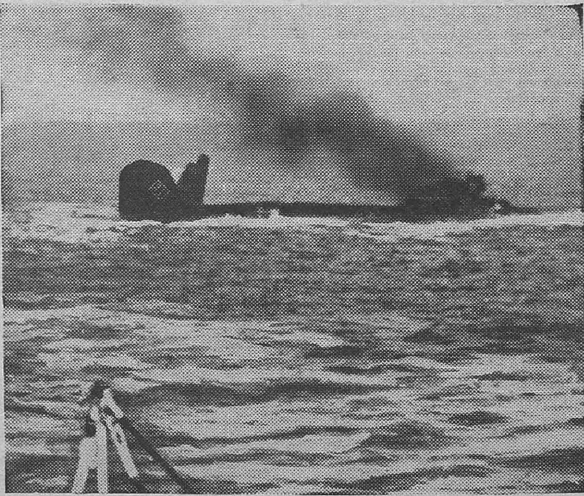
UMBRELLA OF FIGHTING COVER

Before the "heavies" touched down at their bases, a second air armada carrying paratroops and the airborne vanguard moved off to land behind the enemy's lines. Next, 1,000 United States "heavies", supported by other aircraft, crossed the Channel and attacked bridges, roads and troop concentrations. Then the final piece was fitted into the great pattern—it was the huge umbrella of fighting cover for troops which ranged the combat areas looking—in vain as it happened—for the Luftwaffe.

The Battle of Europe has commenced under air conditions most favourable to the attacker, shepherded and protected by an air arm infinitely more powerful than anything the enemy can put in the sky. As the assault upon Hitler's European Fortress continues, that protecting arm—as potent in its offensive as in its defensive role—will advance step by step with the armies of liberation until Germany, a country which boasted that its air arm was the invincible adjunct to its colossal land armies, has learned the final lesson in modern war.



R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND PLANE "KILLS" A JU. 88.—A Ju. 88 shot down into the sea by an aircraft of Royal Air Force Coastal Command. The German plane is seen on fire just before it hits the water. The pilot of the British Aircraft flew around taking photographs but saw no signs of survivors.



END OF A FOCKE-WOLFE.—Picture shows *last minutes of a* Focke-Wolfe *shot down in the sea. Survivors were picked up by the boat from a British ship.*

A colonel, who has been in the Army for more than thirty years is in charge of Army transport in Washington. 150 Wac's were assigned to his command, as drivers. He ordered one of them brought before him, for an infraction of the rules, and reprimanded her. She listened, dutifully saluted—and then burst into tears.

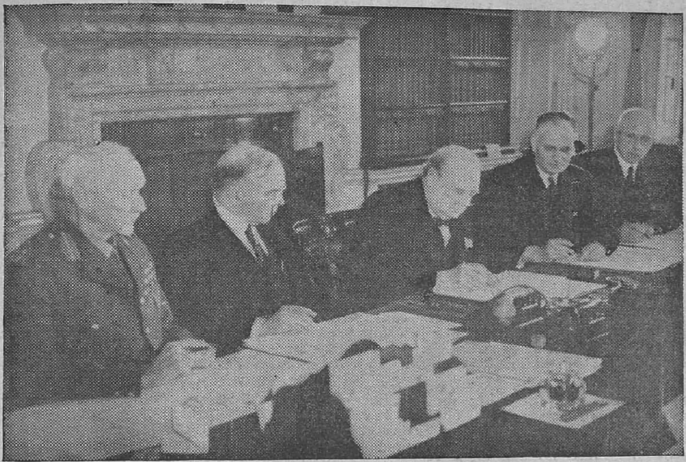
The next Wac to appear before him requested a three-day leave, to go to Detroit. The colonel, affected by the tears of the first one, now felt contrite. He told this second one, "A three-day leave would give you only one day in Detroit; take five days."

The Wac listened, dutifully saluted—and then she, too, burst into tears!

DRESSED THE WOUNDED UNDER SHELL-FIRE

With the enemy constantly shelling an Indian field ambulance, near Cassino, the task of dressing casualties was not easy. But Nursing Naik Chemati Ragavaraja Sundra Babu Faja, I.D.S.M., I.A.M.C., a Hindu of Sowcarpet, Madras, collected and attended to many wounded men in exposed positions for which he receives the M.M. "He was, to a large extent, responsible for the speed with which the wounds were dressed under the most trying conditions says the citation."

Nursing Naik C. R. Sundra Babu has thus received both the I.D.S.M. and the M.M. for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in attending to wounded. He received the I.D.S.M. in April 1943, during the campaign in North Africa.



DOMINION PREMIERS SIGN AGREEMENT.—Mr. Winston Churchill appends his signature, watched by General Smuts (South Africa), *Mr. Mackenzie King* (Canada), *Mr. John Curtin* (Australia) *and Mr. Peter Fraser* (New Zealand) *at the final meeting of the Dominion Premiers at* 10, *Downing Street.*

A recent portrait of Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, K.C.B., M.V.O., Allied Naval Commander, Expeditionary Force.

☆

SESHIAH, THE CURIOUS VILLAGER

(*By* R.G.)

CANTO II

First Instalment

Still pondering on the news he heard,
Still struggling with the lengthy word
In which the simple fact was hid
By journalists (who lightly skid
From error old to error new
Forwards and backwards and askew
Along a strong opaque verbosity,
Spun with a glamorous virtuosity),
Seshiah found himself perplexed
And struck a-heap by what came next.
—The Ministers had all resigned!

To old Seshiah's simple mind
Their action seemed a trifle queer.
It did not anywhere appear
That they had been in truth unseated
Or in the Assembly Hall defeated.
The Governor had not refused
To sign an Act, nor had abused
His powers, or his Ministers.
"Then why this resignation, Sirs?"
Seshiah asked. And one replied
"Because of due respect denied
To our great Nation. Who is Lord
Thingumabob to wave a sword
And say 'The King's at war and we
Are likewise bound in loyalty
And by the constitution's ties
To fight against his enemies?'
The Party leaders met and swore
They should be asked their views before
The country is declared at war."

Seshiah asked again "But how
Do they expect to snaffle now
The privileges none ever had
In the old days both good and bad?
I never hear the kings of old,
When set on war, the people told
Exactly what they meant to do
Or asked 'My friends, will that suit you?'
Sultans and Rajas all alike
Would make the hapless people hike
To battle, foray, siege and raid
Without a 'By your leave.' Who said
The Party leaders now must share
The king's prerogative and care?"

WIZARD IN THE SHADOW

By TREVOR GLENNY

A full private in Home Guard uniform came up in the lift with me one morning. His offices are two floors below mine. A lot of people in our building don't even know who he is—but the Germans do. They're scared of him . . . and the men and women who work with him. He's the Director of Scientific Research, and he is beating the Germans at their own pet game . . weapons.

Now, these things don't just happen overnight. They mature from the past. He started last war as a Royal Engineer in the trenches—a wireless expert in the days of crystal and cat's whiskers. Then the Admiralty asked for him.

He learned something in the trenches in France—and from Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. He learned that courage is not enough—that victory depends on weapons—new weapons—better weapons. That no weapon is ever made that can't be beaten, if you have the best scientific brains.

A TRAINED TEAM

After last war he stayed on, one of the little band of Scientists in the Department of Scientific Research. They worked for the Navy, Army and Air Force—but principally for the Navy. Then, twenty years ago, they made him Director of Scientific Research. For those twenty years he fought the men who left England well-nigh defenceless. They cut his money grant to the bone. His men worked anonymously (they still do) for love of the Navy—for love of the job.

Bitter years. But sailor, soldier, airman, and scientist, got to know each other—and each other's jobs. Nothing that would not stand up to dirty weather at sea—or in the air—was good enough for them. Out of that testing time came something priceless—a tiny magnificently trained team. Lucky for Britain. And what was Germany doing all this time?

Hitler mobilized every scientist, every inventor. Where we had one, he had fifty, with money—equipment—everything they wanted. Germany had a big advantage, too—she could concentrate on offensive weapons. England wasn't out to attack anybody. Our job was defence. Against what?—well, the Director had to guess, and then think up a counter.

The Germans began this war with Hitler's secret weapon—the magnetic mine. A ship's keel is laid down on the stocks. From that day till her maiden voyage you literally belt magnetism into her with every hammer blow. Then she passes over the mine, and up she goes. The German scientists told Hitler there was no answer to it.

IT MAY BE—REGRETS

You know what happened. The sea washed a magnetic mine ashore. Lieutenant Ouvry waded out and opened it up. Cold courage, and a set of non-magnetic tools: a little telephone and listen, brother, I may go wrong this chilly dawn.

Then one of the Director's men got busy with the mine's inside. Within forty-eight hours he had the answer—degaussing it's called—You loop the ship with electric cable, switch the current on, and she's demagnetised.

Forty-eight hours—and Hitler's secret weapon was finished. Yes, but you haven't heard this bit. Three years before Germany declared war, we demagnetised a cruiser. It wasn't called degaussing those days. It was just one of the Director's experiments. Perhaps that experiment changed the whole course of this war.

So, you see, thinking up counter weapons is not easy or quick. Far from it. Take Asdics, for instance. Everybody knows our ships listen for U-boats. But did you know the sea is an absolute bedlam of noise? Your own ship makes one noise; every other ship in the convoy makes its own different noise. So do the waves. Even the fish add to the general din, and rain makes a row like ten thousand machineguns spattering bullets on a tin roof. That's the medium through which our sailors listen for the tiny sound that echoes back from a submerged U-boat. It took our scientists ever since last war to get that echo right.

The sea is bad enough for noise, but the air is pandemonium. The ether howls and screams and crackles, like the atmospherics on your radio—only a million times worse. Yet our anti-aircraft guns shoot down the raiders they can't even see, and Fighter Command had those few priceless minutes' warning that made all the difference in the Battle of Britain. But right up to 1939, there was one weak link in detection. A Midlands scientist found the answer—and opened up a new era in the conquest of the air.

CONVOY PROBLEMS

There are a scroes of other research jobs you never hear about—camouflage at sea, for instance. Why, the Captains say they're risking collisions, they can't even see their own sister ships in convoy, by the time the scientists have blended them with sea and sky.

Then the U-boats used to spot the convoy smoke miles before they saw a single ship. The scientists soon stopped that. It meant concentrated research on boiler construction, coal analysis, and films to show the stokers how to feed their fires properly.

Another problem was depth charges. The little ship men wanted to know how to drop them, where to drop them, and how to time them to go off. You can't just ladle depth charges over the ship's side, they're quite as likely to blow you up as damage the U-boat. A destroyer's plating is only a little bit thicker than a post card, and, besides, if you bend a propeller shaft, or damage your engines, you'll stop. That's just how a hunted U-boat wants you—a nice sitting shot.

The Director gets every sort of problem you can think of. How do torpedoes run when they hit the water? How can submarines stop under water longer? How can we get drinking water from sea water? Why, the Admiralty even asked how to keep sailors' hands warm, and the proper way to renovate gold lace.

Every sort of modern technical equipment has been made. Machines that measure a millionth of an inch: a cine-camera that takes tens of thousands of pictures in one second. It actually photographs an explosion; and machine gun bullets pose for a nice quiet snapshot as they go sauntering by. 500 square miles of sea, complete with waves, fog, or a howling gale are ready any time in the model tank. You can even take an armchair flight over them if you want to.

TRIUMPH OF BRITISH OPTICAL GLASS

There is other, less spectacular, research. Improvement in metals, wood, cotton, silk, wool, leather, paper and plastics. Substitutes are wanted for things that are enemy monopolies, or, better still, find the way to produce them yourself—optical glass, for instance. How much optical glass do you think Britain made pre-war? Five tons a year! It almost makes you laugh, doesn't it? No laughing matter to be caught that way with all the services shouting for gunsights, and periscopes for submarines and tanks, let alone range-finders and precision instruments.

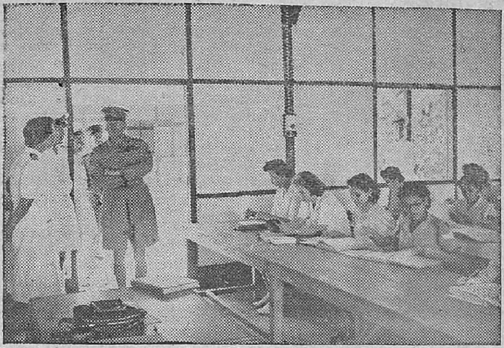
The basis of optical glass is sand—not just any old sand from Margate beach. Well, here the Director had a stroke of luck. His men found the best optical glass sand in the world, better than the German best. With that sand, a couple of derelict factories, and British craftsmanship, we're turning out all the glass we want. In fact, we've made lenses and prisms that lose less light than any Germany ever made. By the way, did you know that the lens you bought in the best German pre-war Leica camera was designed in England? Where we don't need optical glass, we are making thousands of plastic binoculars, lens and frame complete.

Now, I have been telling you about things—weapons and counter-weapons. The Director of Scientific Research has to co-ordinate all the activities, and present the case for production. But there's something much more important people. Without the right men and women the war can be lost.

Mussolini invaded Abyssinia. On that day the Director knew Germany would plunge the world into war. He called in his two deputies. They chose their key scientists from Industry, from the Universities, from other Government Departments. They drew up a list of laboratories with the technical

(*Continued on page* 12.)

WOMEN DO THEIR BIT FOR THE NAVY



Indefatigable in getting to know his troops and keeping a critical eye on their training, the Commander-in-Chief, India, General Auchinleck, recently paid a visit to units in Bombay. Girls of the Naval Wing of the W.A.C. (I) being trained in the Royal Indian Navy's Signal School.

Left to right: *Chief Petty Officer Kelly, Leading Auxiliary Burke, Petty Officer Barry, and Auxiliaries Menezies, Joseph and Ungar, all of the W.A.C. (I) Naval Wing.*

Chief Petty Officer Shri Hari of Madras.

Petty Officer Barry (left) *and Mrs. Hasan, from Bengal, who have successfully completed the officers' training course at Bombay.*

(*Continued from page* 10.)

gear they wanted. Then the Director made a big decision. The nucleus organization was there. He would have no cut and dried plan for expansion.

Germany declared war . . . and Director simply opened thedoor. In came 10,000 men and women . . . gardeners, bricklayers, scientists, stock-brokers, solicitors, engineers, bankers, brewers: people from every peacetime job you can imagine. They were sorted straight into their proper jobs.

HIGH-PRESSURE INTERVIEWING

I talked to the man who did the sorting. He said it nearly killed him . . . and he loved it. He saw everybody who came along. He saw them at 9 a.m., he saw them at midnight. He saw them in offices, in air-raid shelters; in hotels and clubs and pubs. He saw a tramdriver one minute, a professor of chemical engineering the next. He engaged them both. He settled every job and the salary on the spot. He saw forty-eight people in one day. He averaged over a hundred and eighty interviews a week, for months on end.

A Civil Servant phoned him one day —" I say, couldn't you occasionally hum and haw a bit? We can't keep pace with your entry forms, you know."

He told me, on the whole, the number of square pegs he put into round holes were astonishingly few, and you can overdo specialisation. Amateurs, like a University classical scholar, a 45-year-old dentist, a biologist, and a man who was studying nerve reactions in birds and animals, are some of the Navy's finest wireless experts to-day.

Meanwhile the inventors were busy. The magnetic mine really started them. A thousand letters a day came pouring in, and every single letter had to be carefully studied. No matter how wild the idea, there might just be the germ of something worthwhile. The Director had twenty experts doing nothing else. Inventors are difficult to handle. A man may send in an idea that's already being used: or part of something being tried out. You can't tell him so without giving away official secrets.

Very few brand-new inventions have come in this war. Most of the really big ideas have been known to scientists for years, as possibilities. Television, for instance. Seventy years ago, a scientist described television in detail, but it took fifty years before modern equipment made it a fact.

There have been a lot of simple ideas for saving life . . . especially at sea . . like those little red lights on lifebelts that a woman thought of, and the polished steel hand mirror to catch the sun and flash an S.O.S. to a passing ship or aircraft.

Sometimes inventors can be very dangerous. Early in the war a scientist wrote an article in a technical journal abroad. Within a week the Germans had used his idea to kill one of our counter weapons. To this very day, I doubt, if the writer knows what he has done.

Hitler announces his new weapons in a blaze of secrecy. The Director never announces anything. He just keeps the Nazis guessing.

THEIR MOST DEVASTATING WEAPON

Have you ever wondered what those scientists look like? Well, if you have any lingering ideas about dreamy professors or laboratory limpets, prepare to shed them! Here is a silhouette of the Director. He went to the South Pole with Scott. He fought in the trenches last war. To-day he is a private in the Home Guard. He knows every weapon in use . . . every secret weapon planned; ours and most of Germany's. Day and night for four years the next phone call may bring him news of triumph or disaster. Nothing shakes him.

His manner is considerate, quiet, almost retiring. His speech is brief, humorous, direct. But the most striking thing about him and these brilliant, creative men of imagination who work with him is their devastating common sense.

POTATO SHORTAGE

Army responsibility for the present potato shortage in Madras is strongly denied in a Press Note issued from Headquarters, Southern Army.

The attention of the Military authorities has been drawn to suggestions that the present shortage and high prices of potatoes have been caused by excessive military demand. The facts, however, indicate that this is not at all the case.

The main cause of the present shortage is that the Nilgiri crop has practically finished. The partial failure of the subsidiary June "swamp crop" in the Nilgiris has been a contributory factor. May, June and early July always tend to be barren months with resulting high prices, but nothing that the Army has done is in any way responsible for this situation.

The Army in South India is not purchasing potatoes from the Madras area except in very small quantities. It is on the contrary living almost entirely on its own supply grown outside Madras Presidency.

This, moreover, has been the position for the last two months and to some degree even before that. Indeed, so far from affecting the civil markets adversely by increased purchases, the Army has curtailed the potato issues to troops this month, and during May when it had a surplus actually handed that surplus over for civil consumption in many parts of South India. These stocks were in good condition at the time they were handed over and any damage or deterioration had been caused by delay during transit.

Nor can it be said that Army purchases have been responsible for the high prices now current in Madras. As already stated, during the period of the barren Nilgiri crop the Army in Madras consumes potatoes mainly grown under its special schemes outside the Presidency. At other times when purchases are made in Madras, the price is always determined by the Madras Provincial Price-fixing Committees on which both military and civil authorities are represented. It was normally in the region of Rs. 11–8–0 per 100 lb. In no case would the Army pay more than Rs. 16 per 100 lb. and in all cases the consent of the Collector would be obtained.

WOUNDED SIKH WENT BACK TO FIGHT AGAIN

Though wounded in the arm and evacuated from the battle field, Sepoy Bikram Singh, of village Jabbowal, district Jullundur, volunteered to go with another company to have a further crack at the enemy, writes an Indian Army Observer.

About 15 minutes after the Sikh company of a Punjabi battalion had made an assault on Church Knoll, Kohima, I saw Bikram being led back with blood all over his clothes. He was taken to the regimental aid-post.

Bikram was still in the area when another company was ordered to get ready. The company commander, asked if he could be allowed to go too, replied, "But what about your arm?", "It is nothing at all," said Bikram, and went along with the Jats to avenge his friends.

BAN ON EXPORT OF COTTON SEED

The following is an extract from G.O. Ms. No. 2540, Development, dated 12th June 1944:—

In exercise of the powers conferred by sub-rule (2) of rule 81 of the Defence of India Rules, and in supersession of Development Department Notification No. 76, dated the 5th January 1944, published at page 25 of Part I of the *Fort St. George Gazette*, dated the 11th January 1944, His Excellency the Governor of Madras, is hereby pleased to make the following order :—

No person shall, during any part of the year, export cotton seed by rail, road, canal or sea from any place in the area comprising the districts of Tinnevelly and Ramnad and the portion of the Madura district south of the Vaigai river to any place outside the said area except under, and in accordance with the terms and conditions of a permit issued by the Commissioner of Civil Supplies, Madras, or any officer specially authorized by him in this behalf.

LENINGRAD IN SPRING

By N. BABIN

AFTER two years of privations, air attacks and artillery bombardments the people have a chance to breathe freely again. A heavy damage was inflicted on the city by the Fascists. The beautiful little towns which surrounded Leningrad are in ruins. Great palaces and remarkable historical relics lie wrecked and disfigured. But people do not despair. With a grim resolution they have set to reconstructing their native city.

Plywood shields covering the damaged walls of buildings are being taken down. Gaping holes are being bricked up.

Leningrad is humming with activity. Not far from the Griboedov Canal stands a tall building with a shell hole in one of its upper storeys. A few days ago girls in grey overalls made their appearance on the scene. Bringing bricks, cement and steel they began to repair the house.

At the next door a group of young people are busy around big shop window. They are in a hurry to remove boards and earth.

GIRL IN COLD

The outskirts of the city. . . . in the wrecked wall of the building ten metres over the ground stands a girl mason. The wall rises under her agile hands. It is cold there and wind is strong but the girl is doing her work. She feels like a soldier on duty.

It must be noted that the houses are not simply being repaired but made better and more comfortable. An army of volunteer builders is growing daily. In their after hours thousands of Leningraders are helping the professional building workers to rehabilitate the dwellings.

The plant worker Kulikova, aided by nobody but her sister, built floors, plastered walls and put window panes in her home. A girl by the name Ksenofontova repaired a flat which had suffered from fire. She had to be carpenter, plasterer, painter, stove-setter and plumber, all in one. When asked what her main trade was, she smiled and said " Wireless operator ".

Everyday sees more and more people move in the repaired flats. A large scale rehabilitation work is planned for this year. Roads and streets are to be repaired; parks and gardens replanted and improved; a network of tramcar lines enlarged and trolleybus traffic resumed. Old water-supply lines are being fixed and new ones are being laid. New public baths, laundries and clothing repair shops will be opened.

REVIVAL OF INDUSTRY

Leningrad's industry is reviving rapidly. The output of munitions is being increased and new types of weapons are being put in production. But the city's factories and plants are not confining themselves to manufacturing of war materials. The Red October Factory, for instance, which was at one time converted for war, has now resumed production of pianos.

The city is regaining its position as one of the country's leading cultural centres. Large crowds are filling its theatres, movies and museums. The " Heroic Defence of Leningrad " Exhibition was opened not long ago.

Heavy German guns are emplaced at the entrance to the Exhibition. Krupp built them, but three years ago for the triumphant march of " Nachosten ". They stand harmless now; like snakes whose sting has been torn out, like ornaments, like a mute witness of the triumph of Soviet arms.

The Artillery Museum has always enjoyed great popularity among the people of Leningrad. It received new exhibits during the siege including the personnel list of the Izmailovo regiment of guards which contains the name of the great Russian General, Alexander Suvorov, as sergeant of the Fifth Company.

The Kirov Theatre of Opera and Ballet is to return to Lelingrad in the near future. The rehabilitation of the theatre which suffered from enemy air attacks and artillery bombardments is nearing completion. A part of the building which was damaged by German bomb has already been repaired. All the chandeliers, including the famous sixty—pood " Monomakhs Crown " has been restored.

IN STALINGRAD TO-DAY

By ALEXANDER SHEININ

WHEN a visitor to Stalingrad is told that the city now has a population of 250 thousand, he shakes his head dubiously. " Where do they all live ", he asks.

A pertinent question indeed. For how can so many people be housed in a city which, to this day, seems to be lying in ruins? The number of rehabilitated houses is still considerably smaller than the ruins which line street after street.

But amid the ruins you may often see a wooden cottage. Such cottages are built by individuals in off hours with funds supplied by the State Bank as a long term loan.

A temporary fabricated barrack line house has been built on the territory of factory settlements as Tractor Works and Red October Works. Living in these barrack line houses, mostly, it is the young people from all parts of the country who have come to rebuild Stalingrad. They live there in rather crowded conditions, but the young workers bravely endure all the privations in this German-wrecked city. Those who defended the city had a much harder time than builders.

Some large brick buildings have also been restored. They house schools, hospitals and municipal departments.

The Gogol street runs through the centre of the city. Before the battle of Stalingrad it was a street with fine tall buildings, hotels and shops. Now it is lined on both sides with soot-covered ruins. But occasionally you come across a window pane flashing in the sun. It is a house being restored, and people are already living in some flats. The people of Stalingrad fix up dwellings wherever possible: in hall ways, wrecked buildings, at surviving walls or even inside ruins.

PEOPLE LIVE UNDERGROUND

On another street in the centre, where not a single building has survived, I notice an iron pipe issue clouds of black smoke. It means people are living somewhere underground. I search a long time until I find the entrance. I descend the earthen steps in the basement. Light creeps in with difficulty through the sole little window at the very top of the wall. When I get accustomed to semi-darkness, I begin to discern rows of iron beds, table, stove, several stools. That is all the furniture of this dwelling which turns out to be inhabited by women working in the Stalingrad plant. To this day thousands of Stalingraders are living in basements, dugouts and tents.

When Peter Varnavsky, worker in the Red October Factory, returned to Stalingrad, he did not find this home; he had to make for himself a temporary home in the dugout.

At the Tractor Works a whole tent town has grown up with the arrival of the warm weather. Here live young builders. Some tents are huge affairs —scores of yards long. Stalingraders call them " foreigners." These tents are gifts to Stalingrad from England.

Thus are the people of Stalingrad housed to-day. Conditions are hard. But people know that the time is not distant when they will move to stone houses with all modern conveniences. They are willing to endure hardships to-day for the sake of tomorrow when Stalingrad will be one of the finest cities in the Soviet Union.

FREE QUININE FOR ARMY FAMILIES

Any one who is a member of a soldier's family can now obtain free quinine to combat malaria.

Application for supplies should be made to the local representatives of the District Soldiers' Board.

WE DEFENDED MOSCOW

By NATALIA LEBEDEVA

THE decree by the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. establishing a new decoration called "Moscow Defence" medal caused great elation among our personnel. We were reminded of those days of autumn 1941.

I was not working then and only kept my house. My husband, a locksmith, left for the front; I remained alone. Every day brought alarming news. The Nazis were advancing on our native Moscow. Smolensk fell. Then they seized Vyazma and approached Mozhaisc.

I just could not stay at home any more. Something had to be done. I went to the local Soviet and expressed a desire to work for the front. I was advised to go to work near Narofomins to help build fortifications.

Those were hard days near Narofominsk. The enemy shelled us at night time and showered us with bombs by day. Some of my comrades were killed; others wounded, but we would not give in and we laboured with our last strength to cope with our duty and honour. We were heartened by the knowledge that we were helping men at the front by defending our home town —our beloved capital, Moscow.

Most of the people employed here were very young. There were a few of my age.

DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE

After two months, I returned to Moscow. I wanted to do all I could to help the Red Army. I understood very well that the enemy was very strong and that, before he could be defeated, we would have to muster enormous forces. I realized that the Red Army could not hope to win without the aid of the people. I am a daughter of the *people* and decided that it was my duty to help the front. I went to work at the plant.

Nearly the entire enterprise was later evacuated to the east. Only a small group of workers and engineers and a few machines remained. They were not idle. They laboured by day and night. Shops were bitterly cold. Very quickly they organized production of important defence items which they soon turned out in enormous numbers—several times exceeding all production quotas.

In another shop we repaired tanks which reached us directly from the front near Moscow and, though most of us had never seen tanks before except on the Red Square during the parades, we quickly learned to overhaul them and do everything the front required us to do.

Some of our workers and their families were busy erecting barricades and digging anti-tank ditches in the suburbs and vicinity of our plant.

The young workers organized tank fighter detachment. After working hours, no matter how tired they were, they practised throwing hand grenades and fire bottles. Many of them left for the front and some, who later found themselves beyond the enemy's lines, joined partisans. Some died deaths of heroes. Others are still smiting the enemy to-day.

None of us doubted that Hitler would no more set his eyes on Moscow than he would on his own ears; we all knew Joseph Stalin was in Moscow with us and that he was organizer of defence of the country and the capital. We all knew where Stalin stands there victory is near.

Then came the great days of December 1941. Every day we learned of fresh victories. The enemy wavered and fled westward.

How long ago, this seems and how near and dear those memories have become to us! Those who defended Moscow are doing good work at plants to-day. Many of them regularly double and treble their labour quotas. I, too, if I may say so myself, am considered a good worker at the plant.

My husband returned from the front. He has lost his right leg but is not idle. He has learnt a new profession and now works as a book-keeper. He and I know that the effort displayed by each worker in his respective job is what ultimate victory depends on. When the day of victory arrives each of us will be proud in the knowledge that, in a measure, it was his or her doing.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

By V. SAYANOV

I saw soldiers in action during the unforgettable days of winter and early spring 1944. I have seen many faces and entered many towns and villages with the heroes of these great battles. "The heart expands during an offensive", said one soldier to me last year on the Volkhov front. The heart of a soldier, daring and noble, cannot be adequately expressed in words: not even in the Russian tongue; one of the richest in the world. Time will find those missing expressions. The future has a great debt to pay to them who, under the fire, seized blockhouses, forced mighty water barriers, stormed strongpoints of the enemy's defences and everywhere, in fierce battles, in desperate deadlocks, came out victors.

Their days are spent on roads, in battle, always in movement. With sunken eyes and out of wrinkled faces they ramp the muddy roads, sleep on damp earth under accompaniment of whining music of German mines, but how steeled they have become in this crucible of war, how determined!

I recall the evening on a frontline highway. The camp fire was lit on crossroads, soldiers camouflaged it, lay down on snow, took off their high boots, stretched their bare feet to flames, dried their clothes and talked. They spoke of the past and present experiences.

Flames spread over soldiers' pot in fire. A red-whiskered Red Armyman mixed soup, took a spoonful in his mouth and smacked his lips.

HOW TO HATE

The conversation turned to the Russian soldier, to the determination of Russians to win, to themselves and then the red-whiskered fellow said. "The Russian is not always easily moved, but once he gets started he knows no peace until he gets to the bottom of matters. You speak of hatred", he muttered turning to his neighbour. "Hatred is something that runs through the body. I, for example, feel hatred in my feet when I march, and my fingers burn with it when I pull the trigger. That is how a man must hate."

In those few hours by the camp fire the faces of soldiers of the offensive passed before me, those I saw myself, and those I was told about; the faces of men who had unbounded faith in the country, men who hated the enemy: the German robbers and murderers.

Here is one story told me by Major Pritchin.

Before storming the strong enemy point Private Khalyavin took the little Red Flag which had come from the rear camp and swore to establish it on the Russian soil cleared from the enemy. Three rows of trenches, mine fields, block houses, pill boxes, dozens of artillery and mortar batteries—all barred the path of the advancing troops. But the soldiers seemed to be unaware of the danger; they were eager for the battle. And when artillery shifted the fire deeper and deeper in the enemy defences the infantry rushed to action. Khalyavin was in the forefront with the Red Flag tightly clasped in his hand. He was the first to leap at the German trench. Heavy machinegun dispatched bullets in the midst of advancing troops. With a flag in his hands Khalyavin wriggled up to machinegunners and hurled a grenade. Cries and groans followed, and the rattle of machinegun stopped. Khalyavin jumped on the second trench. There he annihilated nine Germans, but the tenth wounded him heavily. The blood of the hero soaked the flag.

Private Dorofeyev, who followed behind, saw Khalyavin stretched flat on the trench.

"Let me dress your wound", he said to his wounded comrade.

"The stretcher-bearers will attend on me" replied Khalyavin quietly. "You take this flag and carry on."

The wounded Russian gave the attacking Russian fighter a symbol of victory. Dorfeyev took the little flag from the weakened hold of his friend and went on. Drofeyev destroyed two blockhouses and fifteen Hitlerites. He too was wounded. Then the Red Flag was passed on to Stepanov who carried the flag to the third line of enemy trenches.

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE

Thus fight soldiers of offensive, thus they gain victories. For them, nothing is impossible. When, at times, one hears of great deed, one is amazed: how was it done, isn't it beyond human strength? Closeby stands the hero blinking in the sun and smiling, as if what was said did not refer to him.

The soldier of the offensive is a man of great deeds and courage. I visited the regiment fighting near Gatchina when the story of the heroism of two men was passed on from battalion to battalion. One put of the two established himself in the house located in the centre in the enemy's positions and held it for several hours—repulsing all the enemy attempts to dislodge him until the Red Army troops relieved him. The second soldier, seeing that the German blockhouse prevented the advance of a certain unit, decided to attract the fire of the enemy to himself. With machinegun in hand he marched forward in full view of the Germans. The Hitlerites in the blockhouse turned their attention to him. Meanwhile the unit bypassed and captured the strongpoint. The valiant machinegunner was killed, but he had done more than his duty.

Love for their mother country inspires the Soviet soldiers. The enemy is resisting desperately; but the invincible Russian force is growing mightier day by day. The time is nearing when, under the crushing blows of the Russian soldier, the last barriers will likewise crumble up.

WHEN GUNS STARE YOU IN THE FACE

By L. KOROBOV

THIS was in Belo-Russia. In the German rear I heard a lot of talk about the powerful artillery of a certain guerilla detachment. This was told me by partisans and also local villagers. In the capacity of a war correspondent of one of the leading Moscow papers I was so absorbed in my quest that, at times, I paid little attention to the danger, and travelled in the enemy-occupied territory as many as thirty to forty kilometres a day.

One day I finally reached forest village and there met the object of my search.

When I entered the hut a red-haired fellow turned to look at me, and then, evidently taking me for a guerilla of one of the neighbouring detachments, continued to fuss about with gun lock. He must have been very much in need of a part, for he turned to his comrade by his side and told him to let no one in, while he was at work.

As I learnt later, the gunlock was really very important to the detachment. The fact of the matter is that one day two partisans galloped in the village fifteen kilometres from the guerilla camp and with cries of hurrah raced through streets. The crew of German anti-tank gun partaking meal in one of the huts ran out and at the sight of guerillas fled through gardens to the forest. The partisans returned to their village with captured gun. Its only drawback was that it lacked gunlock and could not, for this reason, be used.

Two pathways led to the guerilla village. Local inhabitants who visited partisans were admitted along two paths only, and as it was located on good road, the traffic was lively.

Sentries stopped all passersby on the edge of the village to examine the papers, and while they were so engaged, peasants saw gun posted near the barn.

On two roads surrounding the village people saw many guns and the rumour was spread in the district that the partisans had cannon posted nearly in every barn. The rumour reached the ears of Germans.

From then on the enemy used the road along the way north of the strongpoint of guerillas. The prisoner of partisans related, "Our officers told us that your detachment is well-equipped with guns dropped by Soviet pilots. That is why we abandoned the highway."

When the commander of the detachment repaired the gunlock, he said he would acquaint me with his artillery defences. It comprised one gun minus the lock. The guerilla fighter and two old men on horseback, stealthily dragged the gun from place to place and displayed it prominently in different spots. "During the war" the commander told me, "even a dead gun may help to achieve victory".

SOVIET VICTORY LOAN

By GEORGE H. HANNA

THAT is what the people are calling it, although the Commissariat of Finance actually floated the new loan under a more modest title, the "Third War Loan".

The present internal State Loan is for twenty-five thousand million rubles, and is the largest that the Soviet Government ever floated.

Reports are reaching Moscow thick and fast—so that at the first glance it would seem that everybody already has his name down, and that there is nobody left to subscribe. This, of course, is not the case, for there are still many people living in the outlying districts who would not wish to be left out. From the still-icy Tundras in the Far North to the sunny fertile lands of Central Asia, where this year's first harvest of barley is now being reaped, from the tireless troubled waters of the mighty Pacific to the shell-swept firing line of the west Soviet people are once again digging in their pockets to help in the supreme effort of the United Nations to smash Hitler Germany.

MOSCOW IN LEAD

As far as they are available, the data show that the Moscow region is in lead. The Moscow city and region subscribed three hundred and two million rubles to the Second War Loan floated last year; this sum was exceeded during the first forty-eight hours after the Third War Loan was floated. Collective farmers, whose wonderful prosperity during the past ten years is known to the whole world, are well in the forefront in investing their savings in the State Loan. Individual collective farmers subscribe as much as twenty-five thousand, fifty thousand and hundred thousand rubles; many of them incidentally did not take advantage of the usual arrangement to pay for their war bonds in ten monthly instalments, but brought the full sum in cash when they came to sign the subscription lists.

FINE PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT

Here are a few examples of the fine patriotic sentiment displayed by Soviet farmers: Ivan Yevzanov, manager, collective farm in the bleak Archangel district, called members of his farm together and opened subscription list with fifty thousand rubles in cash. The woman cow-keeper, Yevleva, whose husband has been at the front since the war began, has subscribed ten thousand rubles.

In Azerbaijan, the other extreme of the Soviet Union where farms are bigger and conditions are more favourable, the sums of money subscribed to the loan on the first day of its issue were even bigger. Mamedov Nariman, manager of collective farm, subscribed 315 thousand rubles in cash. Last year, he bought war bonds for the sum of 135 thousand rubles and in between made a big contribution to the country's defence fund. Tlemisov, of the "Taldy Bulak" farm in Kazakhstan brought in his five hundred thousand rubles cash and Mambetov, who manages cattle branch in Kazakhstan bought another five hundred thousand rubles worth bonds for cash.

NABI AMINTAYEV: LEADING PARACHUTE JUMPER

By BORIS KRINITSKY

LIEUTENANT Conolel Nabi Amintayev made his thousand three hundred fiftieth parachute jump and established a new record for the U.S.S.R. and the Red Army. Fortune must, indeed, smile on this dark-haired man with a slim waist and shoulders of an athlete; he has dropped from a total distance of 675 thousand metres in twelve years without receiving a single scratch.

Amintayev is known in army circles as one of the leading trainers of Soviet paratroops. He and his assistants have trained an enormous number of officers and men. Amintayev is an experimenter, besides. His field is human endurance. He has jumped from air planes of all Soviet makes, executed the most intricate figure of descent and tested every type of parachute produced in this country. He has jumped into the sea seventy five times and made 240 night jumps. In an effort to determine the maximum strain the human body can stand, he once baled out fifty-one times in eight and a half hours, dropping a total distance of fifteen kilometers.

With the same end in view he jumped as far back as 1935 from a height of 7,612 meters without oxygen mask. Subsequently, this record was broken by other Soviet parachute jumpers. Amintayev's altitude record is a jump from ten thousand meters with oxygen apparatus. Recalling this plunge he says that the temperature in the stratosphere was fifty degrees below zero when he baled out, but it was sweltering hot when he landed thirty minutes later.

MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL

Most difficult of all his thousand and three hundred and fifty jumps, Amintayev considers the jump he made from plane coming down in tail spin. When he tried to climb out after the fifth or the sixth spin he found himself unable to overcome the terrific pressure of air. "It was as if a couple of men, both twice as strong as myself, were pinning me down" he said. The pilot had to climb again to three thousand meter altitude before Amintayev managed to wrench himself loose. The current of air shot him some sixty meters to one side at the speed of shell, and if he did not burst his blood vessel, he has only his exceptional physique to thank.

Twenty-five years of his thirty-five, he has gone in for gymnastics and field and track sports. For twelve years he has carefully followed doctors' advice to keep his weight down to seventy-five kilograms, for every kilogram over this average for a man of his size increases the impact upon the landing to a degree where it might cause bodily injury. Only as regards diet does Amintayev ignore his doctors. He eats everything he likes including the highly-seasoned Caucasian shahlyk which, incidentally, is his national dish.

"Do you consider your profession a dangerous one?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly", he replied. Then, after a pause, "In many a case I have not permitted a single one of my three sons to make more than one jump".

"What made you choose parachute jumping yourself?"

"Well, it is pretty thrilling profession, you know," he answered with a smile.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION

Lieutenant Colonel Nabi Amintayev was born and brought up in the cloud-wrapped mountains of Daghestan in the small Lesghian village of Kumukh, situated at an altitude of three thousand meters above sea level. According to him this circumstance played a certain role in his choice of profession. In his childhood he used to scale crags in search of eagles, so that the thrilling sensation of height was not new to him when he made his first jump in 1932.

It is said that a person who constantly risks his life gradually loses all fear of death. The soldier ceases to fear bullets, the anatomist disregards the deadly toxins and the tight rope walker high above the circus arena is less excited than the audience. In the parachute jumper, however, the sense of danger is never dulled. Amintayev told me that, during his last jump, just as during his first, his hand instinctively reached out for ripcord long before the time and he had to exert all his will not to pull it before the watch permitted him.

"That, perhaps, is because we are more dependent on chance than people in any other hazardous profession," he said.

"A parachute jumper can never be sure that his jump will end successfully, not even when he has mastered the technique of baling out to perfection, knows how to conduct himself in air and how to land, and is also fully convinced that his parachute will not fail him." Amintayev proved this to me by the experience he once had.

On that occasion, he jumped from the place flying upside down and opening the parachute in slipstream of plane. The parachute spun around, the cords twisted and the envelope began rapidly to dwindle. The parachutist released his emergency chute but the air current twisted it around the first one and he continued hurtling through the air with almost nothing to retard the fall. Only presence of mind saved him. He pulled the emergency parachute towards him before it had inextricably become entangled in the first parachute. A couple of hundred meters from the ground the parachute finally opened fully.

"That was several years ago," he said. "Much has happened since then and parachute jumping has become a good deal less dangerous."

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

By PROFESSOR VALERY KIRPOTIN

MIKHAIL Sholokhov has Cossack blood in his veins, he is married to a Cossack woman, his childhood and youth were passed on Cossack soil. He has always lived at Veshenskaya on the river Don, and thus kept in closest contact with the Cossack population.

During their brief rule on the Don the German barbarians burned this village, not sparing even the writer's home. . . .

He has given us remarkable pictures of the Don landscapes and expressed with a moving lyricism the Cossack's love for the Don steppes. The leading characters of both his novels "Quiet Flows the Don" and "Virgin Soil Upturned" are Cossacks, and the life of which we find such picturesque descriptions in his books is the typical life of the Don Cossacks on the eve and during the last World War, the Civil War, and under the conditions of Soviet construction. The novels reflect the view that only unity with the people, only complete, self-forgetful and devoted fulfilment of duty to one's country gives moral satisfaction and integrity. The novels, therefore, foster a civic spirit of valour and patriotism.

The author is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. and is in very close contact with his electors. The Cossacks loved him in the old days as a writer because he made their lives, their courage, their history known to the world. Local people came to him, their deputy, with their troubles; his counsel was needed in domestic affairs and also to hurry on the realization of public measures. If a young Cossack needed advice about choosing his university or other higher educational institution, or the building of a new club had to be speeded up, visitors never failed to find friendly assistance.

Out of the patriotic war new creative conception emerged for Sholokhov.

SCIENCE OF HATRED

In "Science of Hatred," a novelle about this war, Sholokhov exposed the sadistic and thieving propensities of the generation of Germans drilled by Hitler, and showed how the flame of hatred is lit in the peaceful, industrious Russian when he sees Hitlerite murderers of women and children, incendiaries and those who destroy the culture of other nations.

Mikhail Sholokhov is working now on a new novel "They Fought For Their Country." It is, as the title implies, a large canvas of the way in which Russians fought and died and conquered in the war against the brown hordes of Hitler.

ARMY SURGEON ZIBA AKHMEDOVA

By G. KONSTANTINOV.

BEFORE the Revolution the Muslim women in the Caucasus and Central Asia had no rights whatever. They got no education and a majority of them could not read or write.

Under the Soviet power, however, they were given free access to any profession. To-day many thousands among the women of the Soviet east have become engineers, physicians, lawyers, artists, writers and scientists.

MUSLIM WOMEN'S PART IN WAR

In the present war muslim women and girls are defending their country side by side with their fathers, husbands and brothers.

This story is about young army surgeon Ziba Akhmedova, an Azerbaijan girl who has been at the front since the beginning of the war. From early childhood Ziba had a thirst for knowledge but she was compelled to combine her studies with work. She mastered the Russian language, read Tolstoy, Pushkin, Gorky and the modern Soviet literature, as well as works of the best European writers.

Ziba resolved to become a physician and, after graduating from medical institute, she became house doctor at a hospital in Baku. Her speciality was therapeutics.

TO THE FRONT

In the autumn of 1941 Ziba went to the front and took up her duties in field hospital. She had long been interested in surgery and devoted particular attention to the achievements of the Soviet surgeons Vishnyievsky, Burdenko, Bogomolets and others.

This proved very helpful in her work among the wounded and, within several months, she was already performing difficult operations independently.

Akhmedova's hospital was almost constantly subjected to enemy artillery and mortar fire. Ignoring the Red Cross flag, the fascist planes made the hospital a target of their bombs.

Doctor Akhmedova never lost her presence of mind and displayed the most amazing courage in moments of the greatest danger.

Once, when a bullet pierced the wall and whistled over the operating table, Doctor Akhmedova calmly went on with her operation.

The command appreciated the courage of Doctor Ziba Akhmedova; her services have repeatedly won honourable mention and she has been awarded Order of Red Star.

She is not only a skilful surgeon but also a friend and a comrade. She spends many an evening talking to the wounded men and reading newspapers to them by the dim light of a kerosene lamp.

Even after they leave the hospital her patients continue to keep in touch with the young doctor. Ziba receives innumberable letters from her friends back at the front in which they tell her of their joys and sorrows and ask her to extend their greetings to their comrades who are still under her care.

VILLAGE READING ROOMS

By D. DRYNKIN

BIG changes in the life of rural areas in the Soviet Union have been brought on by the great Patriotic War. The political activity of the collective farm peasantry has grown considerably. Collective farmers, both men and women, are greatly interested in the events at the fronts of the Patriotic War, as well as in the happenings in the rear and abroad. They want to know about the achievements of science and technics and the experience of those who secure high crop yields.

To satisfy the political and cultural demands of the collective farm peasantry is an honourable task of village Soviets and political and educational institutions, clubs, village reading rooms, Red Corners and libraries. Local Soviets devote great attention to these institutions to create for them necessary conditions and to guide them daily in their work. This may be illustrated by the example of the Ilovatsk district in the Stalingrad region. There are many village Soviets in this district and their permanent cultural and educational committees are daily engaged in improving the work of the clubs, village reading rooms, Red Corners, and libraries. These institutions report their activities at their meetings and gatherings of active village social workers.

This tends to improve the work of cultural and educational institutions. The district library has been provided with suitable premises and a good reading room. A spacious and convenient house has been provided for the village reading room.

INTERESTING WORK

The Ilovatsk village reading room is now carrying on a great deal of interesting work. There are always plenty of visitors in the room. People come to it to listen to readings of newspapers or talks, lectures and reports on various subjects. Here too in a prominent place hangs a map around which lively talks take place.

Taking into account the great interest of the population in political, economic, international, agronomical, medical and pedagogical subjects, the village reading room organizes evenings of questions and answers in which leading functionaries of the district as well as physicians, teachers and agronomists take part.

The principal theme at one such recent evening was the decisions of the tenth session of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. The Ilovatsk reading room is a genuine centre of political and educational work in the village. For this credit is due to the village Soviet and especially to its chairman Serova, a woman who manifests daily care for the village reading room.

KRASNY YAR

The work of the village reading room in Krasny Yar is also well organized. Its hostess, Mozina, has gathered around her a strong nucleus of village intelligentsia to aid her. Besides talks, lectures and reports amateur art concerts are also organized in the room and good work is done by chorus and dramatic circles.

Interesting work is being carried on in the Potemkin village reading room. Here, too, besides talks, readings of newspapers and lectures, excellent entertainments are arranged for collective farmers. The choir of collective farmers and the dramatic circle often give concerts and plays. Wall newspapers are issued regularly in the reading room and also lively leaflets dealing with topics of collective farm life.

There are quite a few such village reading rooms in the district. They attract collective farmers. As soon as the evening sets in men and women collective farmers flock to the village reading rooms, clubs, Red corners and libraries. They come from all parts of the village after their work, spend their hours of leisure in cultural conditions, hear news from the front, and read papers or magazines. The district Soviet and village Soviets do all they can to turn the village reading rooms, Red corners and libraries into genuine homes of culture.

Our district is situated far in the rear, but here, too, all toilers are imbued with the aspiration of the whole Soviet people, give all their strength for complete defeat of the German fascist invaders. To this common cause is subordinated the whole cultural and educational work of the village.

Under the direction of village Soviets active preparations are now being made by village reading rooms, clubs, Red corners and libraries to transfer all their work to the fields where the mass spring sowing began shortly.

SERGEANT GAVE AS GOOD AS HE GOT

When Jap planes machine-gunned and dive-bombed his A.A. gun position in Arakan Sgt. Robert Samuel Beddall, of Falstead, Chatfield road, Ventnor, blazed away in reply for an hour and a half.

Sgt. Beddall has been awarded the M.M. for "exemplary coolness, skill and courage".

TAKING CARE OF SERVICEMEN'S CHILDREN

By E. KINGISEPP

A great concern is shown by the Soviet Government and people for the welfare and education of servicemen's children and war orphans. In the R.S.F.S.R. alone there are over a hundred asylums for war orphans, while six thousand servicemen's children and parentless boys and girls are accommodated in special boarding children's homes. The Children's homes on the collective farms harbour ten thousand children. Dietetic feeding in special dining halls embraces a hundred and eighty thousand children.

A particular solicitude is shown by the trade unions for the well-being of servicemen's children and war orphans. Summer camps and recreation grounds, kindergartens and junior health homes, are sponsored by them on a wide scale. During the mid winter vacations the trade unions were able to accommodate five thousand servicemen's children in the rest-homes and junior sanatoria.

The factory committees provide servicemen's children with clothes, footwear, school books and other supplies, and take the deepest interest in their education and upbringing.

Numerous examples of the factory committees assuming responsibility for the upkeep of war orphans may be cited. Four motherless children, whose fathers are in the ranks, are being brought up at the expense of the union of the local "Krasnaya Zvezda" factory in Kimry. The union of the local "Paris Commune," Moscow factory is bringing up sixty war orphans. These children live in well-accommodated dormitories near the factory, get four good meals a day and are provided with clothes.

Several thousand rubles were recently donated by the Soviet lawyers for establishing a sanatorium for soldiers' children in Stalingrad.

That the Soviet farmers have the interest of servicemen's children at heart is evident from the sizable food relief fund raised in the Soviet country side for the children of fighting men. A fund was initiated by the members of the collective farm in the Chkalov region where, within a few days, 450 poods of grain, 230 poods of potatoes, six thousand litres of milk, 57 poods of meat, 25 goats and six head large-horned cattle were collected.

The Red Star collective farm of the Okishino village in the Yaroslav region had, in 1942, assumed guardianship over twelve children of fighting men. The finest cottage in the farm was placed at the disposal of the children who are surrounded by the loving care of all the farm folk and are well provided for in every respect. At present the same farm has decided to adopt another fifty boys and girls.

In the Tambov region thirty-seven children's homes have been recently set up for two thousand servicemen's children. The expensive maintenance of these homes collective farms share among themselves. Eight new children's asylums are expected to open shortly in the Tula region.

During the days of the Red Army jubilee more love and attention than ever were showered on the children of the country's defenders. On the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Red Army servicemen's children all over the country received gifts. In the Gorky region various factories combined to present servicemen's children with fifteen thousand pairs of shoes, ten thousand knitted garments, thirty-five thousand school sets, fifty thousand toys and hundreds of poods of sweets and cookies. Over a hundred thousand rubles were spent for purchasing junior underwear and top garments.

The prominent people in the theatre world issued appeal to actors and musicians of the country to give junior benefit shows. This appeal immediately found a warm response. One of the first benefit performances was given in the Art Workers' Club in Moscow, the proceeds of which amounted to fifty thousand rubles. Similar benefit shows and concerts are being organized throughout the country. The Union of Soviet Writers' is arranging a Child Benefit Literary Evening. Moscow artists are collecting pictures for auction. The money acquired at the auction will go for the maintenance of servicemen's children.

SINGING AT THE FRONT

By MAXIM MIKHAILOV

THERE is my war-time correspondence: quite a pile lying in front of me. Most of its letters I have been receiving from different sectors of the front—brief epistles written on slips from army pads in hurried handwriting by Red Army soldiers and officers in their spare hours between battle.

I am proud of these letters. Most of them invite me to come and sing to them. I deeply regret that I do not possess the magic gift of being in ten army units simultaneously.

All my colleagues and I think that a performer to-day may wish for no greater honour than to serve those who, with their blood, are defending our native soil and all the beauty and goodness of our culture from the evil devastating forces of Nazi barbarism.

I have toured the battlelines a number of times, and were it not for my permanent engagement in the Bolshoi Opera House in Moscow, I would gladly give far more time to the front. I must say that I have derived the deepest gratification which a singer can hope for from my recitals at the firing lines and my communion with the fighting men.

Several outstanding incidents occurred during these tours that I will never forget.

Last autumn, for example, some of my colleagues and I were the guests of the tank men of Colonel Gotseridze's units.

Arriving in the dead of night we soon discovered that we had not come at a particularly opportune moment. The situation in this sector had become complicated, as the enemy was keen on retrieving the vantage ground he lost to the Soviet units.

All the night the wood where we pitched shook with the thunder of ceaseless cannonade: Forward positions were less than a kilometre away and shells whistled overhead. On no account would the men let us out of dugouts. It seemed incongruous to tremble for my life when boys were fighting without fear of death. When I scrambled out of the dugout the first rays of the dawn were shed in their light. The company was double marching to the battleline and the men gave me a nice, friendly smile. One of the tommy-gunners, just a lad, last in the file hailed me with the words: "We will soon be back for your concert, comrade."

Close in the wake of the infantry I could see in the dim light of the day-break huge bodies of tanks moving through the woods.

All day long the battle raged. As I watched its progress a wave of gratitude to the sturdy Soviet soldiers was surging in my breast.

I saw men fight to their last breath. The face of a young sergeant distorted with pain from ten enemy bullets that pierced his body is branded in my memory. Alone on the mound above the brook he held his ground against several dozen enemy soldiers. When we reached him he was singing surrounded by the dead bodies of the enemy he smote down.

That day Soviet soldiers had not only beaten back the enemy but pushed forward several kilometres.

The above is one of the numerous incidents I witnessed in the course of my visits to the front. I wish to add that, after every tour I returned convinced more than ever that victory will be ours.

Russian defenders will do their duty to the end. The Red Army soldier, pure and of a brave heart, to-day stands for all the best in our people; patriotic, creative and spirited.

Very soon I hope to be back singing at the front.

WAR DIARY

BRITAIN AND GERMANY

14TH JUNE.—Allied bombers attacked Munich.

15TH JUNE.—United States bombers attacked Hanover and other places in North Germany.

Bomber Command has now dropped 400,000 tons of bombs since the war began. Of this, total 275,000 tons have been dropped on targets in Germany.

16TH JUNE.—Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, announced in the Commons that the Germans had started using pilotless aircraft against Britain. "A large number was used last night and this morning" he stated.

Dr. Goebbels warned Germans of the hard task lying ahead of them as a result of the Allied landings in France.

Allied aircraft attacked Berlin.

17TH JUNE.—Allied planes bombed Berlin and objectives in Western and North-western Germany.

German robots continued to attack positions in Britain.

18TH JUNE.—Hamburg was heavily bombed.

German pilotless planes raided several places in Southern England.

19TH JUNE.—Germans continued to send more pilotless planes over Southern England. They did some damage.

20TH JUNE.—The Prime Minister Mr. Churchill told the Commons that the Germans had built up heavy concentrations of troops and ships in 1940 to invade Britain, but they did not cross the Channel. "A great deal of it was sunk in ports and then they changed their minds," he said.

Allied planes attacked Hamburg, Politz, Konigsbourg and Brunswick. About 3,000 aircraft were despatched from bases in Britain.

German pilotless planes attacked southern England and eastern Scotland.

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THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND THE ATLANTIC

15TH JUNE.—Mrs. Roosevelt in a special United Nations Day Broadcast declared that all the peoples of the world must be assured of the four freedoms.

President Roosevelt made a statement on the international peace organization.

17TH JUNE.—The Military High Command has ordered "extremely heavy" increase in tank production.

20TH. JUNE.—The Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Henry Wallace, reached Chungking.

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INDIA, BURMA AND CEYLON

14TH JUNE.—Allied advance northward from Kanglantongbi continued. Molvum Ridge, 18 miles north-east of Imphal, was cleared of the enemy.

15TH JUNE.—In the Kohima sector, there was patrol activity.

16TH JUNE.—In Kohima sector Allied troops took Kidima.

IMPHAL SCENES.—The Ukrul road is tested for Jap mines, before the advance of our troops and infantry.

17TH JUNE.—Chinese 22nd Division captured Kamaing yesterday.

18TH JUNE.—Chinese troops took Gurkhaywa.

19TH JUNE.—Chinese and Chindit troops advanced closer to Mogaung.

20TH JUNE.—Allied forces captured Mao Songsang, Zhamai, Kharasom and Tiangzup.

* * *

RUSSIA AND FINLAND

14TH JUNE.—Russian troops on the Karelian Isthmus continued to advance and occupied several enemy strong points. Thirteen enemy planes were shot down.

15TH JUNE.—The Russian offensive on the Karelian Isthmus continued with unabated strength. The Soviet troops captured Korpikulya. The German News Agency announced that the Soviet High Command has completed its preparations for a new summer offensive.

16TH JUNE.—Advance Russian patrols were at the outposts of the Mannerheim Line. They have captured 70 more towns.

The Finnish Minister to United States, M. Procope and three councillors were handed their passports and asked to leave the United States.

17TH JUNE.—Tension increased on the Finnish left flank with the possibility of Soviet landings on the shore of Lake Ladoga.

18TH JUNE.—The Soviet troops broke through the Mannerheim Line and occupied Byorke, Raito and more than hundred other localities.

19TH JUNE.—The Russian troops extended the breach in the Mannerheim Line to a depth of 30 miles from the Gulf of Finland. The Red Army was within 15 miles of Viborg.

20TH JUNE.—The Russian troops captured *Viborg* and Koivisto. The Finns abandoned Johannes, Kyyroela and Mudlaa.

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ITALY, AFRICA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

14TH JUNE.—Allied forces have occupied Narni, Bagno Regio and Latera.

15TH JUNE.—The Allied troops have occupied Orvieto, Acquila and Orbetella.

FOR YOUR RADIO DIARY

MADRAS—JUNE 24.—9-45 p.m.	Fighting Forces.
" " 26.—9-00 p.m.	Radio Blitzkrieg—Analysis of Enemy Propaganda—By P. R. Ramachandra Rao.
" " 28.—9-45 p.m.	'The Voice of America'—Relay from Delhi
" " 29.—9-00 p.m.	Topical Talk.
" " 30.—9-00 p.m.	'Grow More Vegetables.'

16TH JUNE.—Allied armies captured Terni and Todi.

17TH JUNE.—The Fifth Army troops occupied Grosetto, 120 miles from Rome. Allied troops landed on Elba.

18TH JUNE.—Allied forces landed in St. Giorgio in North Italy. Elba appeared to be substantially in Allied hands. Pianosa Island was occupied by the Allied troops.

General Alexander met the Pope.

19TH JUNE.—The Fifth Army troops took Campagnatico and were 10 miles north of Grosetto. The Eighth Army forces occupied Assisi and entered the suburbs of Perugia in Central Italy. French troops captured Porto Ferraio in Elba.

The new Italian Government under Signor Ivanoe Bonami took over power after approval by the Allied Advisory Council.

20TH JUNE.—Bad weather restricted operations. Eighth Army troops entered Perugia. Allied troops crossed Tronto river and reached the Tessino river.

General George Marshall, United States Chief of Staff, visited Italy, it is revealed.

Elba was completely occupied.

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VICHY, FREE FRANCE AND THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

14TH JUNE.—Fierce battles raged in the Tilly-Caen area. Allied troops occupied Toarn.

General De Gaulle landed in Normandy.

Mr. Churchill, answering a number of questions on Britain's relations with the French Committee of National Liberation and General De Gaulle, deprecated discussion of this subject at the present time.

United States bombers attacked Budapest and several Hungarian provincial towns.

15TH JUNE.—The Allied troops were forced to give up Montebourg, Tilly and Toarn. Enemy thrusts in Carentan were repulsed.

General DeGaulle returned to Britain.

General Eisenhower accompanied by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder yesterday visited Eastern sectors of the beachhead. They conferred with General Montgomery and Air Marshal Coningham.

16TH JUNE.—His Majesty the King visited the battle area in Normandy this morning and returned to Britain at night. The Allies have recaptured Montebourg. American troops have captured Fort Cuinveille. R.A.F. bombers attacked Boulogne, Valognes, Laval, Domfront, LeMans, Fougeres, Mayenne, Vire, Granville and Folligny.

17TH JUNE.—Allied troops captured Saint Jacques deNehow and St. Sanveur LeVicomte. Local advances were made between Caumont and Tilly. Le Havre was heavily bombed.

Allied bombers attacked Vienna and Bratislava.

KOHIMA BATTLE.—Great deeds of gallantry and devotion to duty were performed during the siege of Kohima, which was ultimately relieved. Combatants and non-combatants, British and Indian, deserve equal praise for their defence of Kohima and for the eventual defeat of the Japanese plans.

Stretcher bearers collect wounded from the Kohima box.

18TH JUNE.—American troops have sealed off Cherbourg Peninsula. Canadian troops took a town west of Caen.

19TH JUNE.—Allied troops strengthened their hold on the Cherbourg Peninsula. American forces were within eight miles of Cherbourg. Montebourg was recaptured by Germans.

20TH JUNE.—Allied troops assaulted the outer defences of Cherbourg. Allies re-captured Tilly-Sur-Seulles.

Pas deCalais and Bordeaux were bombed.

* * *

THE NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

15TH JUNE.—The Turkish Foreign Minister M. Menemencioglu resigned. The Turkish Prime Minister M. Sarajoglu took the foreign affairs portfolio also. He said "The possibility will never exist of Turkey's potentialities being used against Britain, Russia or the United States."

19TH JUNE.—The German vessel "Kassel" sailed back to the Black Sea after being refused passage through the Dardanelles under the Turkish Government's new policy regarding German ships.

* * *

THE FAR EAST

14TH JUNE.—The Allied advance in Biak continued.

15TH JUNE.—American Super Fortresses bombed Japan. Tokyo, Nagasaki, Kagoshima, Moji, and Shimonoseki, Kokura, Yawata were the main targets.

"We shall strike at the heart of Japan again and again" said Mr. Robert Patterson, United States Under Secretary for War. "The bombing of the Island of Japan by our new Super Fortresses is just a beginning," he added.

Allied troops landed on the Central Pacific Island of Saipan in the Mariana Group.

The Commander of the United States Naval Forces in the South Pacific, Admiral Halsey, has relinquished his post. He is succeeded by his Deputy, Vice-Admiral Newton.

16TH JUNE.—Bonin Islands, 600 miles from Tokyo were raided yesterday by Allied aircraft. Chichi Yima and Gwo Yima were bombed.

Allied aircraft bombed Truk.

17TH JUNE.—United States troops captured Charan Kanao in southern Saipan. Rabaul was bombed by Allied aircraft. American planes raided Jap bases in Kuriles, Marshalls and Eastern Carolines.

18TH JUNE.—On Biak Island the Japs were driven out of a commanding ridge 800 yards north of Mokmer. United States bombers attacked Truk.

20TH JUNE.—Dublon, Eten and Param in Truk were bombed by the Allied aircraft.

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